

# Every Man Owes his Wife

## A Modern Glenwood

### "Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

#### A White Man's Choice.

By MARTHA M'C. WILLIAMS.

Jimmy Marion was no great shakes. In the mind of Brush Creek, Jimmy had but two redeeming qualities. One was being his father's son, the other that he had wit enough to love his father's ward, Cressy Oliphant.

Upon a summer morning Cressy called to him over her shoulder: "Jimmy, do come on! You are the slowest old thing! An' you know I hate a man or a horse without lots of go!"

"They were riding uphill. Cressy's whiplash whined accompaniment to her words. Jimmy had a talent for saying nothing. Still, as he came with in easy half a piped amiably, "Cressy, I been wonderin' all this mornin' if you won't never learn better'n to gallop a horse uphill."

"I've been wonderin' if you will ever learn anything," Cressy retorted, slashing savagely at a near bush.

Jimmy opened his eyes. "What's the matter, cross cat?" he asked. "You come ridin' with me—sobody didn't make you an' I've let you pick your own road an' go your own gait."

"If you're tired of me I'll go on by myself," Cressy said irritably, half wheeling her horse.

Jimmy kept beside her. "You needn't try to run away from me," he said. "I been knowin' all the way you felt bad, an' I reckon I know what about."

"You don't. What is it?" Cressy answered all in a breath.

Jimmy laughed tranquilly. "I fetched you a letter yistday evenin'—a letter from Charley."

"What business have you to know that?" Cressy demanded. "He's comin' today. That's why I am runnin' away."

"He be pesterin' you I'll make him go right back," Jimmy said promptly; then his face fell. "But it'll be sorter awkward. Old Charley is all the own cousin I've got. Pappy an' mammy think nigh as much of him as they do of me."

"You ought to hate him. Why don't you?" Cressy demanded.

Jimmy stared.

"Hate him?" he repeated slowly. "Why should I hate him? He can't help being what he is—smart an' bright an' good lookin'—no more'n I can help being what I am."

"And what is that?" Cressy asked crisply.

Jimmy drew a deep breath.

"A born fool," he said humbly. "But I got sense enough to know it. All I can do is to be a real white man, an' it ain't white to hate Char—anybody better off."

"You are worse than a born fool—a made one," Cressy cried passionately. "An' you won't stand up for yourself. You won't even say you love me. You drive me to tell you I know it!"

"You can't help but know it," Jimmy broke in. "You been knowin' it ever since you were knee high. I been fool enough to think sometimes maybe you might fetch yourself to take me—an' the place!"

"I do love—the place," Cressy interrupted, a smile dawning in her stormy eyes. "An' it has belonged to the Marions ever since the Indians went away."

"I know," Jimmy said wistfully, "but don't let that bother you, Cressy. There's jest us two of the name—Charles an' me. You needn't never leave—the place—no matter what happens." Then persuasively, "Let us leave all this talk until next year."

"Charley is not so patient," Cressy said, swallowing hard. "He insists on a definite answer today."

"I lay he don't get it—not until you are good an' ready," Jimmy said, with a quick smile, patting her hand. Then he ran on haltingly, "Cressy, I love you all I know how, but don't you let that count it—if you love—anybody else."

They were nearing a roadside gate. As Cressy went through it she said, with her head very high: "Go home, Jimmy, an' give Charley his answer. Tell him I don't know, an' I don't want to know."

As Jimmy went up the walk he saw his mother at the sitting room window, very white and moaning faintly. He rushed inside. His father met him, all his hale ruddiness changed to ash-gray. Charley had come and sat at Squire Marion's desk, his pen racing over a sheet of legal cap. Without looking up he called: "Saddle me a fresh horse, Jimmy, the best you've got. The minute this is signed I must ride like the devil."

"What's up?" Jimmy demanded. His father clutched his shoulder, leaned heavily upon it and gasped: "Son, son, we're on the edge of ruin! Charley found out early this mornin' that Gill Magee had run away with all the county money! An' me on his bond for \$50,000! I trusted Gill like my own brother!"

"There, there, Uncle Jim," Charley interposed. "Walls have ears sometimes, and we must not leave one loophole in this precious document. It's a deed of gift, Jimmy. Uncle Jim makes over to you everything—land, money, stock and crops."

"What for?" Jimmy asked, his eyes wide.

Charley laughed shortly. "For the best of reasons—to save himself from beggary and keep a roof over his head. But I've written it down for a consideration of \$1, love and natural affection. Sign, quick, Uncle Jim. Unless this goes on record before Gill Magee's pranks get wind it will be worth less than the paper it's written on."

"Oh, it's hard!" the old man moaned. "In my old age too! I never did think I could be brought to any of them cornerin' up tricks. I've been so proud to hear folks say, 'As honest as a Marion.' But what else can I do? I'm old—seventy next month! I can't let my home go! I can't take my wife to the poorhouse!"

"You'll have me, pappy, no matter what comes," Jimmy said, lifting his head and throwing his arm about his father's bowed shoulders. So holding him, he moved to where his mother sat, lifted her to her feet and with his free arm drew her to his breast. Then he turned to his cousin and said clearly: "Charley, it was good in you to think of us this a-way. But I can't see things your way. Now Gill's gone bad, by the Lord, he shan't take old Jim Marion with him. I love the place, every stock an' stone an' red clay hill in it, next to my own people. But I won't keep it unless I can keep it honest!"

"Are you crazy?" Charley broke in. "I can change the beneficiary in a trice. Say, Uncle Jim, won't you trust me? I'll certainly never take advantage of your trust. Speak quick. We have just three hours' grace, and it will take two at least to get back to the courthouse."

"I-I don't believe I hear to save things except for Jimmy," Squire Marion began brokenly.

Charley sprang to his feet and stepped in front of his cousin. He was white with anger and apprehension. In a high, shaken voice he cried: "For God's sake, Jimmy, don't doom your father and mother to beggary. It makes me feel like shooting you to hear you quibble and prate when all their comfort, it may be their lives, hangs on the matter of a minute."

"They have got me," Jimmy reiterated.

Charley flung up his hands. "You!" he cried, with the intensest scorn. "What are you? What can you do without money or brains?"

"Work—all day an' all night," Jimmy said sturdily. Charley drew back a step, his face twitching. He bit his lips hard before he went on.

"Another thing—think of you keep the place. It is that which has good between me and winning her. I know it. Remember, I am speaking now against myself. I cannot do less in face of all I owe my uncle and my dear, good aunt. Speak to Jimmy, both of you. If he still refuses to save you, sign this deed and put it in my power."

Mrs. Marion nestled close to her son. Her husband broke away from them and leaned from the open window. Jimmy's eyes followed the father's gaze as it rested upon the familiar fields, the trig barns, the deep, shadowy woodlands belting the clear land. Could they give it up and go away, strangers in a strange land?

Stronger, more insistent was the thought of Cressy. How should a beggar lift eyes to her? No, not a beggar except for work! Somehow the word was a tonic. He faced half about, drew his mother in front of him and said, with many breaks: "Charley—I—I can't talk with you. But the Lord—help me—to show I can work with you."

Squire Marion stepped beside his son, linked arms and said: "Ruin or no ruin, Charley, I'll do as Jimmy says. If the money must all go, let it. Lord, what is all the property in this world beside findin' that I've got a real man for my son?"

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Jimmy showed the stuff he was made of by working through five hopeless years trying to save the homestead, mortgaged to its full value. Cressy helped him, singing about the place, her face always sunshiny, her tempers all blown away. Still, there was rejoicing, indeed, when Gill Magee came back from the Klondike with money enough to make good all his luckless surerities had paid. Little Jim, aged four, high in the arms of his dotting grandmother, held the canceled mortgage in a candle flame and laughed to see it burn. Across the hearth the grandfather looked on with eyes that did not see and murmured brokenly, "The righteous shall not be forsaken nor his seed beg bread."

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"You work as if you liked to do it," said the woman of the house.

"I s'pose so, ma'am," gloomily responded the hobo, "but it don't come nat'ral to me. It's an acquired taste."—Chicago Tribune.

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## TONE UP THE STOMACH

Get Rid of the Gas, Headaches and Dizziness.

The symptoms of stomach trouble vary. Some victims have a ravenous appetite, some loathe the sight of food. Often there is a feeling as of weight on the chest, a full feeling in the throat. Sometimes the gas presses on the heart and leads the sufferer to think he has heart disease. Sick headache is a frequent and distressing symptom.

A very delicate stomach requires easily digested food but nature never intended that the food should be digested before it is eaten. The stomach must be strengthened to perform its own work and what it needs is not food already digested but a tonic. The processes of digestion are controlled by the blood and nerves, and medical science has produced no better digestive tonic than

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## OKUMA FOR TAFT POLICY

Japanese Discusses Inaugural Address

RIGHTS WILL BE OBSERVED

A Strong Navy Here Is No Menace to Japan—Temporary Restriction of Immigration Is Not Opposed.

Tokio, March 9.—Count Okuma, former president of the Progressive party, has written a signed article for the Tokio Mainichi, in which he unreservedly praises President Taft for his policy as embodied in his inaugural address. In regard to that portion of the address dealing with the treaty rights of aliens, Okuma says that it would be a matter for universal rejoicing should the delicate relations between the federal and state constitutions be adjusted in a manner thoroughly compatible with national credit and honor and the standing of the United States as a highly civilized power.

In respect to the naval program as laid down in the inaugural speech, the count professes to concur fully. He writes that President Taft believes that such an outcome is an unavoidable demand of the times, and ridicules the idea count professes to concur fully. He asserts that this idea is a gross misrepresentation of both Japan and the United States, which believe equally that a strong navy is the best guarantee of peace.

Regarding immigration, the count cannot entertain the idea of restriction as a principle, but he is unopposed to it as a temporary measure for preventing unnecessary excitement and irritation when Japan is unfortunately the object of unwarrantable suspicion.

In conclusion he says: "Japan's real motive was proved on the occasion of the visit of the fleet and now is understood fully by estimable Americans. Local anti-Japanism is not of serious concern and will disappear when the Americans cease to be haunted by a needless suspicion. The true American sentiment will ultimately prevail, especially under the guidance of a great, fair-minded statesman of the eminently peaceful disposition of President Taft."

Gentlemen: I have used your R. & S. ointment in some desperate cases with remarkable success. I must congratulate you on the quality and appearance of your medicine.

J. S. Dodge, M. D., Lincoln, Vt. The physician finds R. & S. ointment remarkable even in desperate cases. Surely you can gain results from it. It is worth a trial anyway. 25c at D. F. Davis drug store.

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Enforce the Law.

Now let us see what is the best we can do toward an impartial and a rigid enforcement of the liquor law under a "yes" vote. One of the principal arguments for the local option liquor law is that it gives public sentiment in each community an opportunity to say once a year what kind of a law it wants, but local option will be no more successful than the law it superseded if this annually expressed public sentiment does not survive election day and demand and back up a strict enforcement of the law every day in the year that follows.

Nobody can whine now that an unpopular law is being forced upon the city or plead that the law is unenforced locally because St. Albans people do not like it. The majority of the voters of this city are going to get what they voted for this year, just as they did last. It stands them in hand to be as honest with themselves and the government under a "yes" regime as they were supposed to be under no-license.

No liquor law ever yet devised by the ingenuity of man was perfect or susceptible of being absolutely enforced in all places at all times and in all circumstances. No license in St. Albans last year meant a great amount of pocket peddling, bootlegging and other clandestine and degrading evasions or violations of the law. The strongest allies of the honest men and women that labored for a "no" vote here Tuesday were these same disreputable lawbreakers. Now we are to have a year in which the promise is held out that there will be less unlawful traffic in liquor when the sale of liquor under proper restrictions is legalized. It is now up to the men of the law, and to the moral sense of the community generally to make this promise good.

No matter whether a good citizen believes in license or not, he must believe in the enforcement of law.—St. Albans Messenger.

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## ORATORY NOW CARMACK CASE

Nashville Court Jammed When Capt. Fitzhugh Starts Opening

ARGUMENT FOR THE STATE

Make Room for Speakers—Chairs and Tables Moved to Allow Room for Action—Women There in Force.

Nashville, Tenn., March 9.—Whatever may have caused interest to lag during the last few days in the Cooper-Sharp trial for the slaying of former United States Senator Carmack, that cause was evidently removed yesterday. A great throng gathered early, and there was quite the old-time rush for seats when the doors were opened at 7 o'clock. Fully half the audience was composed of women, and many of them, as well as many of the men, brought their lunches. The women, however, did not arrive early. The court's orders are such that they do not have to. Any time they come a seat is provided either by a volunteer or by a deputy sheriff ejecting some mere man.

As soon as court opened, Judge Hart warned the audience against any demonstration.

"I have been told," he said, "that some people have been brought here to express approval or disapproval. I can scarcely believe it. But I want to say that anyone who applauds or hisses or comments upon the argument will wish he or she had never done it. I realize the immense interest felt in the result and I want to gratify it, but the conduct of the audience must be seemly and decorous. You may proceed, gentlemen."

Before the arguments opened the attorneys suggested some changes in the tables and chairs which would give more room for freer movement of the speakers. These were carried out. Meanwhile the throng had grown until the room was packed to suffocation.

Mrs. Carmack was in her usual seat, a huge leather arm chair, with her son Ned on her arm. With the defendants were Mrs. Burch, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Bradford, and Mrs. Sharp, besides a score or more women friends of the ladies mentioned.

Capt. Fitzhugh began the opening argument for the state.

"I appear before you for the first time," he said; "yet, after our long association and after watching your faces, I feel I am no stranger to you."

"On the afternoon of Nov. 9, there was enacted upon the streets of this city a tragedy which robbed a woman of the tenderest and most devoted of husbands; a boy of a loving father, and the Commonwealth of a brilliant statesman, and the achievements of whom had added lustre and glory to the state. To you has been charged the duty of fixing the responsibility."

"Col. Cooper met Craig at the Tulane Hotel on personal business, but he pressed the business on the side and revealed what was in his black heart. He owed his friend Craig money—he owed all his friends money, and he never bothered about money owed. This did not bother him. But he broke out and said: "If my name appears in the Tennesseean again Carmack or I must die." "And when the tragedy was over, the defendants began to look for a cause, for an excuse. Their attorneys searched the stenographic reports. They examined the joint debates between Carmack and Patterson. And what did they find? That Carmack had referred to 'that little bald-headed angel, Dunc Cooper,' had asked did the angel come from above or below? and 'was there the smell of sulphur on his wings?'"

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